You'd haue enough.
Des. Alas! ſhe has no ſpeach.
Iag. In faith too much:
I find it ſtill, for when I ha leaue to ſleepe,
Mary, before your Ladiſhip I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.
Em. You ha little cauſe to ſay ſo.
Iag. Come on, come on, you are Pictures out of dores:
Bells in your Parlors: Wildcats in your Kitchins:
Saints in your iniuries: Diuells being offended:
Players in your houſewifery; and houſewiues in your beds.
Des. O fie vpon thee ſlanderer.
Iag. Nay, it is true, or elſe I am a *Turke*,
You riſe to play, and goe to bed to worke.
Em. You ſhall not write my praiſe.
Iag. No, let me not.
Des. What wouldſt thou write of me,
If thou ſhouldſt praiſe me?
Iag. O gentle Lady, doe not put me to't,
For I am nothing, if not critticall.
Des. Come on, aſſay—there's one gon to the Harber?
Iag. I Madam.
Des. I am not merry, but I doe beguile
The thing I am, by ſeeming otherwiſe:
Come, how wouldſt thou praiſe me?
Iag. I am about it, but indeed my inuention
Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from freeze,
It plucks out braine and all: but my Muſe labors,
And thus ſhe is deliuered:
If ſhe be faire and wiſe, faireneſſe and wit;
The one's for vſe, the other vſeth it.
Des. Well prais'd: how if ſhe be black and witty?
Iag, *If ſhe be blacke, and thereto haue a wit,*
Shee'l finde a white, that ſhall her blackneſſe fit.
Des. Worſe and worſe.
Em. How if faire and fooliſh?
Iag. *She neuer yet was fooliſh, that was faire,*

For